

ALBUQUERQUE EVENING HERALD
(Successor to Tribune-Citizen.)

A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.
BY THE HERALD PUBLISHING CO.

Published every afternoon except
Sunday at 122-124 North Second
Street, Albuquerque, N. M.

Entered as second-class matter
March 7, 1911, at the post office at
Albuquerque, N. M., under the Act of
March 3, 1879.

One month by mail 50 cents
One month by carrier 60 cents
One year by mail \$5.00
One year by carrier \$6.00

Telephone 67.

THE MOSQUITO SEASON.

Not only does the Rio Grande Valley produce the biggest and most valuable tomatoes, onions, alfalfa and other agricultural products, but it also turns out each season the biggest and most voracious crop of mosquitoes that ever buzzed.

There is nothing in salaried, etc., but there is no money in mosquitoes, and on the contrary there is annoyance, sickness and death in the bite of one of those insects.

The mosquito does not breed in running water. The swamp, the river or the pumping plant does not produce the mosquito. The lands that are overflowed and the pools of water that are permitted to stand in pastures and uncultivated tracts are the breeding places of the mosquito, and were it not for them we would have no mosquitoes in the fair valley of the Rio del Norte.

The farmers and land owners very frequently permit water to stand on rough tracts of land or overflow into the roadways where it stands in pools, simply from carelessness. In so doing they are not only inflicting a pest upon the remainder of the people in the valley, but they are promulgating a danger to life of man, woman and child.

Frequently an entire community is made to suffer fromague and fever because of the carelessness of one man.

The authorities of the various cities, towns and counties along the Rio Grande valley, particularly the board of health, should give early attention to the mosquito crop before it hatches out, and the offenders against the public health should be made to keep their ditches tight and their lands properly irrigated, in order that the one marring feature of the greatest valley in the territory may be removed.

Swarms of mosquitoes, he is as bad as the fly.

LUXURY TO WORK.

A Massachusetts editor says that every man lives in a realm which he has himself created, and advises that a man fill his world with the doings of Plutarch, Socrates, Shakespeare, Homer, Napoleon, Milton, Dante, and the dead and gone distinguished artists, romancers and scientists.

It's a great scheme. Everybody can become bigger and better through studying the lives of the truly great, through becoming familiar with the works of those who have accomplished great works. The fellow who hasn't in his life realm some part of these lives and these works surely has missed a splendid luxury.

But the trouble is that it is a luxury, that the vast majority of people cannot afford the time and money. This is not true, and theory must always take a back seat to fact.

How can the teetotaler who rotates a desk ten hours a day, or drives miles to his place of work, or commutes a telegraph key all one side is paralyzed, or sits up office figures till their brains are scrambled, comfort themselves with the philosophy of some old dead one who probably never did a hard day's work in his life? How can the woman with a day's washing, cooking and caring for children behind her find new dignity for housework,家庭工作, or artistic beauty of any sort?

Silversmiths in grand or philosophy Homer is fascinates. Apollo is inspiring. Milton is elevating. Dickens is entertaining and instructive. The world is not made up of people who can afford these designated and indispensible advantages, but of those whose life realm is filled with the philosophy, the fascination, the elevation, and the instruction that produce clothes, food, shelter and other vital necessities.

The vast majority are famished with very few of the great and good deeds and their deeds. But they are studying living lessons. They are working out their own philosophy. They are seeing what the condition of the mill hand, the office hand, the mine hand and the farm hand mean. They surely live in realms in which the grand, good things that have passed into history will have place to uplift and to accelerate the progress of mankind. Their work is also the work of masters.

THE DOCTOR BILL.

A Detroit physician of standing has put his colleagues in a stew by publicly recounting his experience with the practice of medicine on a cash basis. For years, he asserts, that at least 60 per cent of his bills were un-

paid, and that for the year he has practiced on the par-aesthetic principle his receipts have diminished and his work has been cut in half.

The condition that the patient pays out is easily understood. Nothing is better established than the fact that physicians are poor business men. Perhaps this is partly responsible for the strange distinction that many people make between the offices of doctors and other creators. The thing that every man recognizes as most basic for himself or family is not so far enough off the beaten track which he most neglects to pay for. The doctor is not, however, easily deceived in good conscience, as the Doctor physician seems to think one man may adopt charity another man may make a virtue of avarice.

Above all others, the calling of a physician implies work for others and that without regard for their worthiness or unworthiness. Above all others, the protection of a practitioner contemplates the need rather than the reward.

There is probably not a single physician in New Mexico who does not face more uncollected bills on his books than the ones he has collected. In nearly every instance a large percentage of these bills are from people as well able to pay the doctor as the grocer. In his uncollected bills the physician meets the real problem of his profession. Like the minister, who sometimes is forced to forsake the pulpit he loves, because those he seeks to benefit are too niggardly to give him even a living, many a physician in the smaller towns is compelled to exist in penury, despite the fact that he arises at night, drives miles into the country and saves countless lives of people who are unappreciative enough to let the doctor's bill go over until the very last.

Besides medicine a doctor needs a good collector.

INTERESTING READING.

The London papers just now are interesting reading, not only to the English themselves, but to everyone who keeps up with the world affairs.

They contain columns and columns of well written descriptive and editorial matter upon the approaching coronation. The following is a fair sample:

The coronation will not be an unmixed blessing. It is going to bring trouble to many an overworked official. At St James' palace the members of the lord chamberlain's department are already wishing the end were in sight. The trouble is caused by the breathless anxiety of women to force themselves into the foreground. The department is being pestered by women who wish to witness the coronation.

"We cannot issue invitations," an official of the department says, "no matter who the persons are. The whole thing is governed by precedent, expediency and space. Yet every day we have the stable yard full of lord chamberlain's office in the stable yards filled with motor cars, and the door bell is never still, because some woman is come to wheedle an invitation out of us."

Each peer has the right to be present at the coronation and to bring his wife with him; his majesty has also ordered that special prominence be given to be given to colonial visitors, so there will not be much room for the outside public when all the official requirements have been settled."

The tickets for the coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey have been received from the engravers that will form very handsome souvenirs of the occasion. The wording on the tickets for the peers is different from that for other personages. The peers receive "writ of summons," foreign representatives are "invited" to be present, while others are "commanded" to the abbey.

THE ENVY US.

The Albuquerque Commercial club, which of all factors has been the foremost in making a larger Albuquerque, is calling the envy and admiration of all New Mexico. The club is the topic of editorial and news comment in some paper in New Mexico almost every week, and space could not permit of reprinting all the compliments that have been paid this excellent organization. The last week's issue of the *Bulletin* shows the feeling that this boasting organization has awakened in one of our nearby towns.

Through the influence of the Commercial club of Albuquerque a canning factory has been started in the city and farmers in the vicinity have been induced to plant 150 acres of tomato plants this year. What is the Helen Commercial club doing towards keeping, aiding and assisting enterprises of this nature? Much can be done in bringing manufacturing interests to our city if our merchants and the commercial club act in unison in these matters.

The vast majority are familiar with very few of the great and good deeds and their deeds. But they are studying living lessons. They are working out their own philosophy. They are seeing what the condition of the mill hand, the office hand, the mine hand and the farm hand mean.

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FATHER WORKS.

The popular song writer hit a patriotic truth when he said "nobody works but father." George Bancroft of London, one of the most eminent of the world's statesmen, finds that in the United States only 30 per cent of the whole population is gainfully employed, while in Great

Britain the figure is 44, 46, Hungary 44.8, in Germany 46. In Italy 47 in France and Austria 51.

Our census sharply exposes the inherent idleness of the Americans in the statement that in this country the man of the family goes away weeks and gets more pay than is the case in European countries.

While it isn't literally true that nobody works but father, it is a fact that the "old man" comes nearer occupying the folks on his back in the United States than anywhere else.

It is said there is one person who really does Emperor William, and that is his daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, who is considered the most wonderful and yet produced by the German court. And 80 other girls are there.

Two famous New York hotels, the Hoffman and the Gilsey, have been closed to make way for business houses. The "guard" of each, who had there for years stood tearfully about with the lights were turned out.

Among 20 new senators at Washington there are three bards, six prostitutes and 11 clean-shaven faces. Probably that ratio would hold good throughout the country.

When the young ladies get no congress we shall have some real maiden specie.

VANDALIA MAKES RAILROAD RECORD

Carries Nearly Ten Million Passengers During Past Year and Not One is Killed in Transit.

Special to Evening Herald.

Dickens, Colo., April 19.—Records just compiled by the Vandalia Railroad company show that in 1908, 1909 and 1910 not one passenger out of a total of a million carried was killed in a train accident on this railroad.

The Vandalia railroad, a part of the Pennsylvania system, operates 922 miles of line though it has 1,176 miles of track. Its passenger trains have traveled a total of 7,665,479 miles in the past three years, carrying 236,415,855 passengers who numbered not a single passenger was killed. Counting all passengers injured in the three years, however trivial, there were only 67.

The above figures are taken from reports made to the interstate commerce commission by the Vandalia Railroad company and they show that the accident record of the Vandalia has even exceeded that of the Pennsylvania railroad east of Pittsburgh, which, it was recently announced, had carried over 360,000,000 passengers in the past three years and had only one killed as a result of a train accident. The Pennsylvania, however, equaled the Vandalia in having a clear record in 1908 and 1909.

FARMINGTON SCHOOL ELECTION.

Special to Evening Herald.

Farmington, N. M., April 19.—At the school election Thursday Willard Bellamy, a lawyer, was elected to fill the vacancy.

Mr. George Armstrong, for three years high school assistant, resigned and left for Lamar, Colo., yesterday. His position is being filled by Mr. Sheet, a young college man from the east who has been teaching at Farmington this winter.

Don't let the baby suffer from scabies sores or anyitching of the skin. Dr. Darrow's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.

GRANDMA'S GARDEN.

I remember grandma's garden as it was long time ago. Where hollyhocks and larkspur grew in a dazzling row.

Where tall, slim trees of blue bell with their purple bloom, And the bush of flowering currants exhaled a sweet perfume.

Where the little Johnny-jump-ups filled gold and purple heads Between the mound of alyssum and Wilson strawberry beds.

Where pink and sweet blushing roses with fragrance filled the air, As grandma sat in the afternoon at the north door in his shade.

I remember the royal king-cups and the asters incoming late. And another plant that grandma called Kiss-me-over-the-garden-gate. A tall plant green and slender, with pink blossoms hanging down.

It stood beside the little gate near the road that leads to town.

I remember the sunnery sunshine one afternoon in May, Stone on a sun and maiden treading the grassy way.

That leads from the little schoolhouse to grandma's garden gate, Where they stood to chat and tarried till the afternoon waxed late.

The maid came in at sunset with cheeks all rosy red. And grandma sat and watched her and wagged her snowy head.

And spoke right low to grandma, "Louisa, dear," said she. "The-kiss-me-over-the-garden-gate is blossomin', I see."

My heart will long remember the scene I used to know, The flowers in grandma's garden and grandpa's board of show.

And though I'm now a man my bonny hair is thinnin'.

To give this passing tribute to the days that used to be.

AMONG THE BOOKS
Edited By William Harold
Durham.

ATLANTIC CITY TO LOOK AFTER THE LADIES IN JULY

Not Improbable That Women's Auxiliary Will Be Organized at National Reunion This Year.

The Vanity Box.

It has been a long time since so good a detective van has come out of England or anything else for that matter. It is not at all like the King's detective story, as far as known to readers of Doyle, nor is it of Oppenheim, yet it is a genuine interesting story.

Two famous New York hotels, the Hoffman and the Gilsey, have been closed to make way for business houses. The "guard" of each, who had there for years stood tearfully about with the lights were turned out.

The story centers around the violent death of Lady Heron and cause. The author is delightfully seconded before the reader leaves her on her sacrificial journey, wherein her life ends. The title of the book is taken from an incident which is constantly worn by the dead gentleman and which because it disappears at an early date, leads to various and puzzling complications which end in a manner entirely unexpected by the reader.

Nor is the character of Lady Heron the only one of interest in the book. Her husband comes in for his share of delineation at the hands of one whose manner of the pen cannot be questioned, and there is even another woman whom acquaintance will give more pleasure to the reader than either of the others.

It is a positive relief to get away, not alone from professional criminals in a story of this kind, but also from the cut and dried incidents, cases which appeal mainly to the imagination, or some other motive which, however impulsive, calls at last when one has enough of it. The tourist is what happens when you read "The Vanity Box."

The Vanity Box, by Alice Storyant, \$1.25, net. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y.

A Cow Ranch.

The genesis of a cow ranch its development from a side place in the landscape and the incidental development of a pair of poor boys into sturdy men and cattle kings is well depicted in Andy Adams' story, "Wells Brothers."

Andy Adams is closely known in the literary world for his yarn, "The Log of a Cowboy," but he has written many other tales of ranch and range and all of them have found favor with readers. In the present volume he has apparently written with an eye to interesting youth and as a story for boys it will be sure to surprise. Wells Brothers.

How different things have grown in the last two decades. In 1880 along all the knowledge a boy could gain of western life on the cattle range was to be garnered back of the wild-eyed Dead-eye Dick and his fellows. Today such writers as Wells have played before the American youth and the English, too, for the novels he has published there pictures of western American life which cannot fail to make better men better citizens and for a better country.

"Wells Brothers" will be found nothing to offend the most careful parent, while on the other hand it will give boys and tenderlads grown-ups alike an enchanting and colorful picture of just what the term "cowboy" means in all its definitions. Wells Brothers, by Andy Adams, \$1.25 net. Doubleday, Page & Co., Boston.

Me-Smith.

Successful "first books" have not become so common as to cease causing remark books which come under this head have seldom appeared which are so pretentious as this effort of Caroline Lockhart. A sketch of the girl who wrote it is a splendid indication of what the book will probably prove to be.

In the first place it comes in my study table as an author's autograph copy, written on the back of a gold-colored card board, the legend, "Compliments of Caroline Lockhart." This itself is a most extraordinary about the book and is slightly indicative of the care with which Miss Lockhart observed in putting it together, since she is so anxious that it should have a good reception.

Miss Lockhart is a young daughter of a rancher having his extensive in Wyoming, and it is of the hills and deserts which she has seen all her life that she writes; those and the characters, good and bad, which go to make up life in that section of the glorious west. On these "Smith" who gives his name to the title of the book, is unutterably the most striking and he is painted in all his villainy and murderous intensity with a hand that is even regardless of the fact that mere blood grows nauseating after awhile and that a man bad without any redeeming trait must be kept well in mind if he is not going to disgust.

"In one year," Doctor Chambliss said, "there is 20 million dollars spent for guns in the United States, as compared with 5 millions spent for foreign missions. The amount spent for foreign missions greatly exceeds that spent for either missions or gun, as this amount is \$1,200,000,000 in one year. The amount spent for tobacco in one year is 300 million dollars."

"The United States spend yearly a sum of 165 million dollars for the public schools and for the extension of the Christian work an annual amount of 100 million dollars is expended."

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If I Were Carnegie

It only I were Carnegie, With coin to give away, I'd loan no money prizes for The things we need today.

I'd give a million to the man Who would invent a scheme

Whereby the janitor could sleep.

And still let us have steam.

I'd give a heap of money for A fountain pen,